

New York, Oct. 21, 1861.

Dear Wife:

I do not recollect to have taken a more dismal ride than ours proved to be from Boston to New York on Saturday. The weather was, throughout, as dispiriting as the most morbid could desire — the atmosphere appearing to be in a state of decomposition, and having a mixed smell of sulphur and rotten eggs. It rained, more or less, all the way, as it probably did with you at home. There were a few flashes of lightning, with an occasional thunder-clap — the heat being remarkable for this season of the year. However, we had some compensation in being delivered from the dust which is usually so annoying beyond New Haven and this city. Mr. May came with us from Boston to Worcester, on his way to Leicester. We reached here at 5 o'clock, and had a warm welcome from Oliver and Mary Anne, who were about giving us up. Their boarding-place is a very delightful one, and Mrs. Saxon, the lady of the house, a remarkably handsome and agreeable person.

Saturday night, I was not conscious
of getting any sleep, in consequence of a
swarm of mosquitoes getting into my chamber,
which tormented me till day-break. Wendell,
who slept in another room, fared no better than
I did, and was bitten worse. The family, the next
morning, were full of regret and surprise, as they
had plenty of mosquito nets in the house, but
had not found them necessary. Last night,
we were duly protected by them, and had our
sleep made good to us.

(Yesterday, Mrs. Savin, Oliver, Wendell,
and myself, went to Brooklyn in the morning,
to hear Ward Beecher preach. It was the
first time I had been in his spacious chapel.
We were provided with the best seats, near to
the pulpit, and directly in front of the speaker.
Old Dr. Beecher sat directly in front of me,
and at the close of the services I gave him my
hand, which he grasped cordially, and when I
gave him my name, he seemed desirous to
have me go to his house in the evening; but
I was engaged elsewhere.) Besides, age and
time have done their work upon him: he is
in a state of second childhood, with broken
memory, and his speech badly affected, so
that continuous conversation is beyond his ability.

(The house, which is admirably constructed for an auditorium, holds about as many as the Tremont Temple, and was crowded in every part, aisles and all. So it is always. The immense assembly united with the choir in singing, which gave much life to that part of the service. The sermon was upon the nature and functions of conscience, and was a wide-awake and racy discourse. In the audience was Mr. Forbes, of Milton Hill, with his daughter. Also, Mrs. Shaw, of Staten Island, who, at the close of the proceedings, pressed eagerly forward to take me by the hand, and to express the hope that I would visit Staten Island before my return home. I promised to do so, but shall not calculate to pass a night there, only a few hours.

Wendell and I then spent a few moments with Ward Beecher, who seemed well pleased to see us, and who playfully said he thought he could do such a heretic as I some good, if he could only see me often enough! My presence seemed to attract considerable attention in the house, as it was whispered about that I was present. Theodore Tilton and wife gave us a warm greeting, and he inquired after you and the household with friendly interest — not forgetful of his pleasant visit to our house.

Last evening, we took tea and spent
a very agreeable hour with the two female poets,
Estelle and Phoebe Carey, whose house is much
visited. Horace Greeley was one of the company.
We had some little discussion together on the peace
question. He thinks there is no other way of deal-
ing with tyranny than by knocking the tyrants in
the head.

After tea, I went with Oliver and
Wendell, and Phoebe Carey, to Dr. Cheever's
church, to hear one of the series of anti-slavery
lectures he is delivering Sunday evenings. The assembly
was very large, and the Dr. earnest as usual,
but his discourse was a hair-splitting defence
of the anti-slavery character of the Constitution,
and to me excessively tedious and wonderfully
abundant, in view of the history of this nation. Wil-
liam Goodell was present, and, of course, enjoyed
it to the brim, as it was but the echo of his own
chop logic. He grasped my hand warmly, and
urged me to call and see him. I did not want
to speak to Cheever, as I could not express any
satisfaction with his discourse, as a whole. I ex-
pect to see him at the house here this evening,
where is to be a large and choice company to
see and hear me. Ward Beecher said he would
also try to be with us. Mr. and Mrs. Bramhall are
expected. Dr. Percy called here last evening, and
left a note, saying they were expecting you and I at
his house. We shall call upon them to-day, and let him